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heroic, just as magnanimous, for the American public to throw its might around the trans-

and crushed African race, and hints his conduct in the past has been a model of propriety. He is full of less mob of organized man-hunters, man-stealers, woman-whippers, and baby-slayers, who hounded that forlorn race to the death?

But, I say, I have said this far, will have to say still further. The negro is among us in vast numbers; four millions to-day, twelve millions in seven years hence, unless logarithms lie. They too need to be shipped off to Africa, or to live in Central America, or to be sold to the European dust-pans of the East. He must stay in our country with his free labor will find ample scope and a just reward. What must be his status? He will become a property, a chattel, a slave, by the law of the land must vote; for taxation without representation Africa has repudiated from the beginning. To vote safely, he must be educated. Here lies the necessity of a large, unimpeded, and unobstructed school, elevate, educate, and enfranchise the African race; the right to vote involves the right of being voted.

Do not be started, if the day should come when the African race will be free, and the white man will be Sidel. No punishment for the traitor can be found in all Dante's Inferno so severe as this. I am no religious worshiper, but God has endowed me with so much enough to prefer that an honest, loyal black be free, than a dishonest, traitorous white man. We must annihilate all political distinctions of color. I see no other solution to the problem of our national integrity, complicated by the presence of the African race. This solution is leading us to, and the greatest of all, the end is found in our wicked hatred of our brethren without color. What merchant dares employ an African salesman? What mechanic is willing to receive a colored apprentice? What farmer will collect his harvest invitingly to a sable student? What school will retain a black attorney? What church district

church is thankful to receive the word of life and the word of truth. We are glad that we should be cooks and barbers, and that is all we unjustly exclude them from the professions and various trades, and then slanderously assert their capacity. The cure for this cruel pride of caste is the word of life and the word of truth. The first black man donned the shoulder strap and drew his sword in the name of the United States Government. We can spit upon him no more, with spit upon ourselves by all the world. We need not our own countrymen, but we need our justices also. It was because all this was foreseen the pro-slavery opponents of the government, such rabid opposition was made by negro haters, that when the fugitive slave, returned to bondage from the order of Franklin Pierce, President of the United States and Edward Everett said it was right. In London, having spent a week he had escaped from the clutches of the detestable bondsmen, returned from the same box with Edward Everett's son, by order of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States; and Edward Everett says it is no wonder that the revolution which is now taking place—a revolution which will sweep the sweepings of European almshouses and jails, will rage against in vain. The blood of our martyrs will be the seed of African civilization and the glory of our God. The world is worthy to proclaim these unpoplar truths; and count it all joy to endure reproach in the service of our greatest friend—the truth. We were not deceived by the smooth words of the smooth things. May we not, with our Master, say, "Yea, to this end I was born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth."

The following quaint epistle has been furnished by a member of the Mounted Rifle, picked it up in a deserted rebel camp on the River about thirty miles from Winton, while a campaign was being made in the South.

The letter was addressed in this way:

"Read, if you want to, you thieving scab, to whoever you are, and forward, post paid, to the high chancellor of the devil's exchequer (?) on

JEFF. DAVIS, Richmond, Va.

Headquarters "Scalp Hunters,"
Camp Clonmore, near Winton, Va.

EXCELLENCY DAVIS:—With feelings of un-
ed pleasure an affectionate conscript er
his sheet of confiscated paper to the tender m
of a Confederate States mail carrier, addressed
to the illustrious and noble General Grant
and Chief of the Six Nations—more or less
writes on the stump of a shivered monarch
forest, with the "pine trees waving the air in
Confoundment, and the birds singing the air in
Cry, "Long Live Chivalry and King Cotton!"
he appeals for the privilege of seeking, on his
hook, a land less free,—a home among the hy-
the North. Will you not halt your "brave
and the "brave" of the North, and let me
and while an admiring world takes a brief
your glorious and God-forsaken camp, do
happy conscript a furlough without end? I
deaf, if you please, to that city windy, w
which shall didn't winter in, called for short,
Delphia.

The Etesian winds sweeping down the de-
the Old Dominion, and over the swamps of S
some monstrous, and the "brave" of the
Said, laden with music, and sighs themselves
sweet sounds of silence to the far-off South.

[illegible]

CURIOUS FACTS.

Every day brings additional proof of the ority and greater power of endurance of the sized men for infantry. In answer to the question, "Are you tougher and more vigorous than the enlisted?" the large, tall man almost invariably answers that he is much less so; while, on the other side, the smaller or medium size, including recruits and in-door mechanics, often of slender physique, generally answer that they are stronger and healthier than before they enlisted. The similitude of the army, and pure air of tent life, better them; besides, they probably take better exercise than those who are apt to do so.

HALLELUJAH!—This is a precious word, in praise ye Jehovah, or praise ye the Lord. It is frequently misused even by some clergymen, who claim, hallelujah to God, or hallelujah to the Lord. Such excretions are objectionable. Let us praise ye God, when glory burns in the soul, and remember that hallelujah is perfect in itself.

APPEACE!—In some public meetings, where a platform is allowed it is observed that some persons use their voice or hands, but *never* stamp with their foot. The following complaint states the reason:

"I am a poor fellow on earth, each creature helps to support their own, and assist in their load. Bulls use their horns, and asses lift their hind legs."

Three years since, we had the satisfaction of attending one of these meetings in company with a Congre-

5:12 o'clock, in a new and splendid hall, to a large audience, on the subject of the war. I dwelt mainly on the justness of the war, the wickedness of the rebellion, our hopes and prospects, and the history of the past. Rebels at home were not passed in silence."

Congregationalist.—Rev. George E. Hill has accepted the call of the Ed. of the *Standard* at Saxonville, and will be installed Oct. 1. The meeting-house, after being enlarged and repaired, is now ready for occupancy. Rev. C. Austin is now acting as *agent* supply of the Cong. Church in South Royalston.—Rev. James C. C. Rie, of Danvers, has been called to the Congregational church in Spencer, Mass., after supplying the church there for eight months.—Rev. Alonzo P. Johnson has received a supply of the church in Charlestown, Mass., where he was formerly an exhorter. He was drafted, as a soldier, at the summer in behalf of the Union, and was discharged.—Rev. C. C. Rie, of Concord, formerly of Danvers, Mass., has been called to the First Church, in Danvers, Mass., Wednesday, Sept. 20. The ordination of Mr. George Hardy, as "an evangelist of the Gospel," took place at the 10 o'clock service of the Essex, Mass., Sept. 24.—Rev. C. L. Woodworth, of the East Street Church in Amherst, after having been called to the 10 o'clock service of the 17th Regiment, has asked a dismission from his people, so that he may continue his labors in the army. He was called to the 10 o'clock service of the 20th Conn.—Twenty-seven persons, on profession of faith, were admitted to the Congregational Church in South Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 2, under the pastoral care of Rev. Perkins K. Clark—the fruits, in part, of the protracted meeting, which grace which has been enjoyed during the past spring and summer.—The 10 o'clock service of the 16 and 25 years of age—only young ladies of families—were admitted to the church, Sept. 16, a very bright and promising young lady, Miss Mary H. Smith, of Danvers, Mass., was called to the Sabbath, was called a few days before to go, as we trust to the church above. Her end was calm, peaceful and

We learn from the *Independent* that Messrs. E. A. Harlow and L. Harlow were ordained as evangelists at West Minot, Me., Aug. 26. They graduated at the late annual conference at Bangor, and expect to leave for the West in the course of two weeks, to labor under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society in Kansas and Nebraska.

The *Recorder* reports "some twenty" recent additions to Rev. Mr. Tyler's church in Natick, Mass.

Baptist.—Rev. Nelson J. Wheeler, a graduate of Harvard University, was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in Skowhegan, Sept. 1st.

The *Era* says, "The acceptance by Rev. Dr. Colver formerly of this city, of the appointment to the professorship of Biblical Theology in the University of Chicago is announced. Dr. Colver is a sound theologian and a staunch Baptist."

The Baptists and Methodists in Germany.—In view of the momentous transformation which awaits the State churches, the rapid progress of the free church organizations which have been introduced into Germany from America and England has a particular importance. Prominent among them are the Baptists and Methodists, who are establishing themselves in every part of the country, although in some of the States their meetings are as

strictly forbidden. They alone, among the religious communities of Germany, appear as national churches, united in one brotherhood the inhabitants of every German province. They are the only churches, whose members, sadly lack, unity of faith and church discipline. They are carrying forward their operations with an energy which is sure to reap the richest harvest. The Baptists in particular, have been eminently successful. They began in July their sixth triennial Conference at Hamburg when it was reported that the present number of the members was 11,275, that nine new churches had been founded, 327 converts had been received, and 1,000 people. The increase of the Methodists is likewise rapid. For 1862 they reported an increase of 333 members, 445 probationers, the total number of the former now amounting to 2,126, and that of the latter to 1,249. Still behind the Baptists in point of numbers they are, however, far ahead in the organization of denominational agencies, embracing an order of ministers, a theological seminary, a publishing house, and a mission society.

several book-forms, a rising denominational literature and three denominational periodicals. Both have, undoubtedly, a great and glorious mission to fulfil.—*Independent.*

PERSONAL.

Rev. Caleb H. Ellis, formerly Chaplain of the 1st Maine Regiment, has entered the service again as a substitute, and will shoulder his musket.

Rev. J. L. Roberts has been re-commissioned Chaplain of the Fourth Vermont Regiment, and has just home for the seat of war.

The Cincinnati Conference have elected W. Nast, W. Young, L. D. McCabe, M. Smith, Granville Moody and M. Dustin, delegates to the next General Conference.

The reserves are W. H. Lawder, J. W. Fowble and J. Klein.

Charles A. Barnard, of the last graduating class of Wesleyan University, has accepted the chair of Professor of Ancient Languages at Albion College, Albion, Mich.

We learn from the *Methodist* that "among the manuscripts in the Ninth Congressional District of New York Rev. J. E. Cookman, pastor of the Methodist Church at Harlem. It is reported in the daily papers that Mr. Cookman has determined to serve in person. If so, his name will be felt deeply by the church over which he presides for during his short stay he had won many friends. He is the son of the distinguished George G. Cookman, who was chaplain to Congress, and who was a passenger

The Rev. Leroy Swormsted died at his residence near Cincinnati, on Friday, August 28, aged sixty-one. He was converted at Baltimore in 1816, removed to Cincinnati in 1817, and began to preach and joined the Conference in 1818. From 1836 to 1860 he was one of the Book Agents in Cincinnati.

The New Bedford *Mercury* says that Rev. Nathan P. who died in that city 9th instant, after a short illness but five days, at the advance age of seventy-two, was many years an active member of the New England Conference. He received thirty-nine appointments from Conference, in all of which he had additions to church, the largest number being in Fairhaven.

The delegates elect to the General Conference from the West Wisconsin Conference are Revs. M. Bennett and Lawson.

The North Ohio Conference have chosen, as delegates, E. Thomson, J. Rothweiler, Adam Poe, G. W. Brechler, Edge and Henry Whitman.

The Louisville Journal learns from good authority that the murderer Quantrell resided in that city fourteen or fifteen years ago as a doctor. While there he was convicted of forgery, and sent to the Kentucky Penitentiary for seven years.

Brig. Gen. Anderson, the hero of Sumter, has assumed command of Fort Adams, Newport, R. I., in place of Lieut. Col. Sanderson, who has been promoted to major of the 24th Maine.

Gen. McClellan has been placed on retired pay.

NEWS FROM THE WAR.

From the Department of the South.—On the 6th of tember, Batteries Wagner and Gregg were evacuated the rebels, and the whole of Morris Island was in the session of Gen. Gillmore. Writing the 7th, Gen. more says:—

"I have the honor to report that Fort Wagner Battery Gregg are ours." "About 10 o'clock last night the enemy commenced evacuating the island, and all seventy-five of them made their escape from Cummins Point in small boats. Captured dispatches of S. H. Col. Keith of S.

Fort Wagner was commanded by Col. James S. Wadsworth, and the 6888 Central Postal Directory was located in Charleston, and garrisoned by 1400 effective men, and tery Gregg by between 100 and 200. Fort Wagner work of the most formidable kind. Its bomb proof ter, capable of holding 1800 men, remains intact after most terrible bombardment to which any work was subjected. We have captured nineteen pieces of art and a large supply of excellent ammunition. The harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by guns. Our forces do not occupy in force the rebel fortifications. Besides the filth which exists rebels made certain arrangements for the destruction our men when they should enter the works, and matters most, of course, be attended to previous to nation. Gen. Gillmore has adopted the plan of em

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Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

MY SAVIOUR.

BY L. A. LEB.

My wandering footsteps went astray,
And heeded not the narrow way;
My thoughts were lost in vain
To thee, my Saviour.

My blinded eyes no love could see,
No beauty dim, no grace in thee;
Nor wept that thou didst die for me,
My only Saviour.

Thy spirit touched this heart of mine—
Revealed my need of love divine—
Showed me that thine own love of mine,
My bleeding Saviour.

My burden then I could not bear,
And heavier grew my weight of care;
In vain I sought relief in prayer
O tears, my Saviour.

But now I hear thy blest command,
And placing by the cross I stand,
And peace in thine arms I find,
My precious Saviour.

O, am I thus thy pardoned child?
I see thy sweet face reconciled,
And how before thy merciful
My chosen Saviour.

Henceforth my first desire shall be
In all my ways to honor thee,
Remembering thine mercies and love,
My dear Saviour.

Wayland, Mass., Aug. 1883.

For Zion's Herald.

MADNESS.

BY R. F. FULLER.

Why should I be maddest of all?
—Though the reason run wild,
—Though I prove with logic strong
Self-destructiveness of wrong.

Still men sin—more than mad they
That have lost the reason's ray.
Sin is madness—though but we
On its many branches grow.

On its bitter fruit we taste
In health, happiness, love wasted,
Men such lessons soon forget,
Or remember to repeat.

Conscience, with a scorpion-thong,
Lashes remorse of wrong,
Shadows o'er the soul with fear,
Yet will sinners persevere!

Oh! for such evil fruit
Madness is little less a gain!
Men have tested holy pleasure,
And handled heavenly treasure.

And they found the smallest worth
All the joys of sin on earth—
Ah! they bared their heavenly bliss!
Ah! what madness equals this!

Madness—even that sad plea,
Sinner, cannot serve for thee!
Hast thou listened to her voice,
Reason would have checked thy choice.

Wouldst thou not mad; and thy case,
In the Judgment, meet for grace!

Sketches.

THE WORLDLY MAN AT CAMP MEETING.

A Leaf from an Unpublished Volume.

BY MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

Mr. Bixby did not come and tell his family that camp meeting was coming near to them. He feared they might think he had an interest in it; was certainly that. The fact was, Abel Bixby had a fit of moral restlessness. It was not the first time, by any means; he was subject to them at that season of the year. To him, as to others who live in rural districts, the storm fields and withering herbage were reminders of that winter of life whose spring lies far beyond the ken of human vision.

Something like the following queries would intrude on his meditation: "Of what avail will it be then that I have gathered treasures here, and made for myself a commodious habitation, if indeed, as they say, I have no mansion in that wonderful house where the world reads on Sunday?" And then the worldly man would turn to himself from such dull thoughts, but in fact only lulled himself by his wonted casual security of worldly thoughts and purposes. But somehow, since his acquaintance with Miss Porter, there had been a strange longing to drink that cup of holy truth which the drunkard. He believed in her religion, and wished from his soul that he knew her and where she got it.

Like others who are willfully ignorant on the subject, he had more erroneous ideas of camp meeting. One was that they went into the woods for the purpose of working off a supply of noise and uproar, in order to leave no more than could be managed at prayer meetings. Now it seemed to him like a kind of spiritual "fair," where there were vendors of divers kinds of faith, and perhaps under Jennie Porter's teachings a fellow might get the genuine article. It is said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so it proved that notwithstanding all Mr. Bixby's resolve, before the supper was over he had let the cat out of the bag, and the family were all on tip-toe with hopes and plans for going. "I suppose a camp meeting is some like a picnic," said Lillie to Edwin, who sat next her at table. Eddy, slow and quiet as usual, did not say what he thought of it; but Jim, whose mind was like a bottle of yeast, burst out at once:

"A picnic—is it like that of late. It's more like a general muster than anything else."

How do you know, Jimmy?" asked the mother.

"O, I've heard tell," said Jennie, "that the house shakes?" asked Edwin, who had heard his grandfather tell of a grand military parade he helped to make.

"Gee, gaw, I yes," replied Jim, "and they shoot 'em down like blazes, I wish we hadn't our play day, we could walk over there with enough."

While the family were discussing the pros and cons of the question, Mrs. Bixby stepped quietly away to her closet and whispered to an open ear her desire to avail herself of that means of grace with her family, and returned just in time to hear her husband say they had a plenty to do, before the snow fell, without wasting time in going to any kind of muster, and he looked at his wife expecting she would say something, but she answered never a word.

We have no time to tell of all the hints and fishing questions that were given to Mr. Bixby by his family, the two weeks preceding the camp meeting. As Abel said, they had it for breakfast, dinner and supper; not for the whole meal, but a little side dish or condiment that they approached carefully and touched sparingly. What troubled Abel most of all was that his wife did not touch it at all—did not seem to see it; and yet she said that it did not seem to her.

"You mean to go, Abel?" replied his wife, turning with a grateful smile toward him.

"Yes, I mean to go; now if that isn't a good one," said he, coloring, "you know that you have meant to go all the time, and it's no use denying it."

"I meant to go if I could, husband, for I think it would be a benefit to Nannie."

"Suppose the rest would like to go; they have talked enough about it," and Abel glanced at the row of Sunday clothes to see that each had a suit.

Yes, all was ready, and in due season provisions were prepared, and the Bixbys were counted in with the town's company that went from the town of . . .

It was arranged that the eldest son and daughter were to keep house in the absence of the parents, alternately going and returning every day, that all might have the pleasure of going. Little Nannie, the poor crippled child, was to stay in the tent. Miss Porter had kindly offered to take care of her.

My only Saviour.

And now, gentle reader, I would gladly tell you of the camp meeting if I knew how, but I don't. As Jenny said, they had "a great gun" there, which did good execution, for the "chain of the Lord were many." There were skillful artists, too, who as they bent their bows sent arrows of conviction to guilty hearts. Then there were "fishers of men," who with gospel ball lured many a lover of pleasure into the praying circle. In short it was just such preaching, praying, and singing, good brother and sister, as that in which you were first picked to the heart and joined the praying army. Just such, hardened sinners, as thou hast listened to and resisted scores and hundreds of times until, alas, it is proving a savor of death unto death. Hast thou forgotten precious soul, the thrill and the quake of that hour, when like a Felix thou wast almost persuaded to be a Christian? If so, go again to yonder encampment this year also, and see that thou grieve not the Holy Spirit, as it waited to seal thee to the day of redemption.

But of that camp meeting and the worldly man who attended it, I must tell you. Unfortunately he took the world with him there, and as he sat and listened to the most persuasive arguments in favor of an immediate surrender of himself with all his burden of cares and perplexities into the hands of Jesus the Saviour of men, and his whole soul yearned for rest, quick and rapid thoughts of home and home labors would rise before him, reminding him, that when he left his tent, he would find his home as usual, and that there was a general state of mind in home events over which he had supervision. Away would go Abel Bixby with a heavy heart, and a fearful eye to that moment he ought to have staid, and by the time he was fairly in the highway for home, strange cords seemed pulling him back to the tent. The next day, as he and wife kept house for Eddie and Lillie to go, the poor man had no heart to labor, for as his mind had been at home while at camp meeting, so now his mind was at camp meeting while he was at home; and never a brick was laid, or a piece of land ploughed, or anything else done, except to wander round and listen to his wife, as she sung low and softly.

"I little thought he'd be so shy,"

"I'll speak and make me smile and cry."

And thus passed the week. Mrs. Bixby openly professed the Christ she so long loved. Poor little crippled Nannie crept into the recess of the Rock chair, for her, and reposed in peace. The fun-loving Jennie treasured every incongruity for future use. He it was who noted the "strong wind," and the "earthquake," and the "fire," but the gentle Edwin heard the "still small voice," and followed the Lord. Jennie, like a true ministering angel, glided from one praying circle to another, and at last had the pleasure of hearing of her cousin Will's conversion. "Behold he prayeth," Abel Bixby, ever oscillating between the great business of seeking the Lord and the smaller one of home affairs, attended to neither, and the close of the week found him disappointed, distressed, and nearly desperate, and came home with all their patrons and supporters. For home he found in a few months that it was "hard to kick against the pricks." He remembered that blessed privilege and all the help he might have had there to seek the Lord, when grieved and repentant he threw himself upon the grave of his stricken child and poured out his soul in strong crying and tears. Ah, what a year of sin and suffering might have been saved to him by improving the golden opportunity as it glided by.

Gentle reader, do you attend camp meeting?

Then go with a settled purpose of getting and giving good. Cut loose from every selfish motive, and let the business of pleasure, of life, and of earthy things be before you. Say to each and all that should intrude on the Christian aim and purpose, "Tarry here while I go yonder and worship," and you will find it so.

Lincoln, Sept. 2, 1883.

Family Circle.

OBJECT TEACHING.

A portion of the excellent work of Mr. Burton's, entitled "Helps to Education," is devoted to this important topic. We select the following amid much that is of equal interest.

THE OBJECT GAME.—As a mutual benefit, and pleasure indeed, let parent and child have a sort of game at finding objects. It may be called "the thing game," or, if you please, the object-game. Let the parent name an object, and the child find it, and so on, will probably strike at once, and be named. Soon all the prominent objects of the room will be exhausted. Then there will be a scramble for something new, and the game will be over. If the child is not satisfied with the objects named, he may be asked to name some, and the parent will find it a game to name objects which he has not named before.

What did the Lord say to Elijah?

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a ten-foot pole, or a rope, or iron chain of longer stretch; and, with this, set him to finding the length and breadth of a field, or the distance between your own house and the next neighbor, or the school-house and the church. Thus your boy is becoming a surveyor before he knows it. This process will not be a dry task to him, unless you make it so; it will seem to make a man of him, and he cannot but like it.

Why not make a sort of competition of this quality of size? Let a guess be made as to the length, breadth, or height of anything; and then see who comes nearest the fact by the measure. Your boys and girls will like it all the more, if you will let any of your young sportiveness still left in your soul. But some will inquire, what practical advantage can this possibly be in the future? It is replied that the active business of almost every man depends more or less on hand and immediate decisions, based on a knowledge of things. The farmer does not often scientifically survey the portion of a field he intends to plough up next spring. The merchant does not often judge of length and breadth, the nearer will be his work to his wishes. In buying and selling lands and piles of commodities, men often guess at the dimensions of a solid body, and the nearer they come to the truth, the better they are. In the affairs of a household, such as the cutting and repairing of garments and the proportioning of quantities in cooking, the faculty of size comes into most useful requisition. Why, therefore, shall it not be assiduously developed from early life onward?

IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY COURTESY.

Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathetic to each other. Those who contract dishabits and rude habits towards the members of their own family, will be rude and thoughtless to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender, affectionate, and kind, and the world will be won. The members of the family thus trained will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood. They will require in their associates similar qualities of heart and mind. They will be a credit to their parents, and the cultivation of the best affections, and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.—*N. O. Fiske.*

According to a recent article in a magazine, nearly one third of the women of England never marry, and three millions of females are thrown upon their own exertions for support.

Children.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's store. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favorably.

Through the door of the store, a gentleman highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance, which seemed trifling in itself, had induced him to do so. He had seen the boy's mother, and she had wept and begged for him, and he had been moved by her tears.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own doorstep at the same time. Just as a poor little shivering child crossed the door, and the merchant saw the boy's mother, and she had wept and begged for him, and he had been moved by her tears.

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Children's dresses wear longer by letting them reach their ankles.

Woolen rags should always be washed in sweet oil before they are made into flannels.

Port should always be salted down—never up.

A reward for discovery requires that salad should be dressed before appearance at table.

Milk that has stood for some time should be permitted to sit down.

Carpets will prove more durable if you take care not to tread upon them.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

QUANTITY OF FOOD FOR OXEN.—Frequent observations have shown that an ox will consume two per cent. of his weight of hay per day to maintain his condition. If put to moderate labor, an increase of this quantity to three per cent. will enable him to perform his work and still maintain his flesh. If he is to be fattened, he requires four and a half per cent. daily in nutritious food.

SPRITS TURPENTINE FOR MOTHS.—A subscriber to the *Agriculturalist* writes that during the last of May he sprinkled turpentine on pieces of flannel, wraps these in paper, and lays them among clothing or articles subject to moths; this he says has proved a certain preventive against moths.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Contributed to the *Agriculturalist* by N. Burwell, Litchfield Co., Conn.: Take 12 good sized ears of corn, or shave off the husk, add 2 quarts of milk, 1 cup of sugar, 1 small piece of butter, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 of saleratus, and spice with nutmeg. Bake 3 hours.

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